

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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GEORGE Q. CANNON.
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify, that I, Joseph Warburton, being a sufferer for more than 30 years with hernia, after using several different kinds of trusses I only received temporary relief. About eight years ago I underwent an operation, the doctor using the knife, I only recieved relief for the time being. On June 20th, 1896, I received my first treatment from Dr. A. M. Browne, of the Fidelity Rupture Cure Co. After receiving my first treatment he fitted a truss on my body, which I wore day and night, receiving six treat-ments in five weeks. On July 25th, I received a certificate from Dr. A. M. Browne, being com-pletely cured. While receiving treatment I at-tended to my business and daily occupation. I have discarded my truss, which is the first time in 30 years, and I feel that I am permanently cured.

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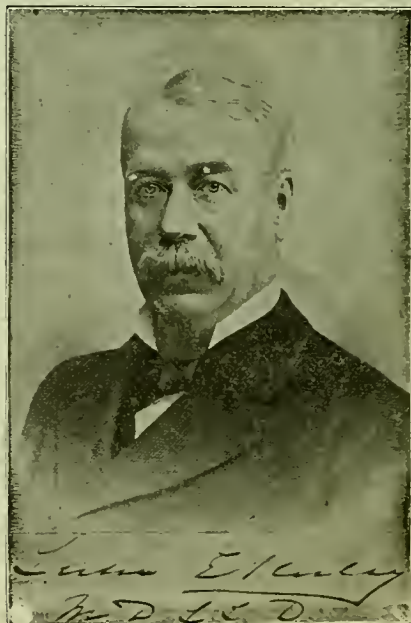
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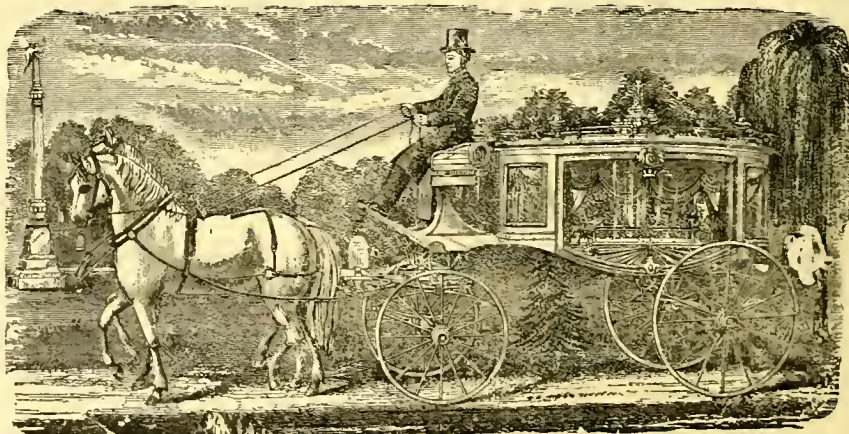
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VOL. XXXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1897.

No. 5.

HISTORICAL ENGLAND.

No. IV.

Hastings—Sussex.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108.)

THE old Norman Castle spoken of in the last number of the JUVENILE was entered from the north, a drawbridge being used to span the protecting ditch, which even now at this date is one hundred feet wide and sixty feet deep and runs round part of the walls. According to authorities Hastings Castle probably fell into decay during the twelfth century but a fragment of it still stands as a monument of those stirring times.

Mr. Durrant Cooper says of Hastings Castle: "At what period the castle fell into decay is uncertain. The town was only partially fortified. In 1265 Simon de Montfort preferred Winchelsea to Hastings for his retreat after his father's defeat at Eversham and in the fifth year of Edward III the Dean and chapter of Kings Free College, to protect their own property, prayed to be allowed to repair the walls of the castle which had been devastated by frequent inroads of the sea. In the reign of Richard II when the French burnt the town and church the castle was useless as a protection. The castle was plundered by the French when they landed at Hastings 1340."

At the present day the grounds are laid out in walks and lawns and the

view from the terrace over the town and English channel is very fine.

St. Clement's church just below is another fine old monument of bygone times. I would not care to say how old; services are still held there and a memento of the Frenchmen's last visit to the English coast reposes in the tower, in the form of a cannon ball embedded in the old masonry: The church is decorated within with ancient historical banners, stained glass windows and elegant brass work. W. Froude the historian writes (let us hope that he is more reliable on this point than he was on the Mormons in his "Oceania" published fifteen years ago) that when the translation of the Bible was issued 1537, "The parish clerk at St. Clements made a speech to the congregation on the faults of heresy; he said it taught that a priest might have a wife by God's law. He trusted to see the day when the book called the Bible, and all its maintainers and upholders should be burnt."

From the tower of St. Clements the curfew bell has tolled nightly every winter for centuries. Near the church are the famous St. Clement's caves that are very interesting. They cover an area of about four acres and are situated at a depth of about one hundred feet from the surface of the grassy hill. In the summer evenings public dances are now held in them, when they are illuminated, which adds greatly to their

weird effect. They are supposed to have been used formerly as hiding places for contraband rum and tobacco, placed there by the old smugglers who extended the excavations and executed the rudely sculptured figures out of the chalk that are now on exhibition. While on the subject of smuggling, Hastings is replete with history regarding that haz-

ardous and romantic occupation and many have been the cargoes of Lyon's silk, Valenciennes lace, rum, tobacco and tea, landed along the coast innocent of duty, since the custom tariff was imposed in the fifteenth century; in 1700 the smugglers were the means of communication between the Jacobites in France, and later at the commencement

of the present century they would take across regularly the newspapers that kept Napoleon posted on English affairs. The smugglers for mutual protection formed into large and well equipped gangs, who successfully fought the militia on several occasions, retiring towards London with their smuggled goods slung across packhorses, and even on one



HASTINGS CASTLE.

ardous and romantic occupation and many have been the cargoes of Lyon's silk, Valenciennes lace, rum, tobacco and tea, landed along the coast innocent of duty, since the custom tariff was imposed in the fifteenth century; in 1700 the smugglers were the means of communication between the Jacobites in France, and later at the commencement

occasion attacked the village of Goulhurst because a resident had informed against them. The last fatal affray between the Queen's officers and the smugglers occurred as recently as 1838.

Hastings and environs teem with ancient ruins and modern country seats of the English nobility.

Pevensy, where the conqueror landed,

has a picturesque old ivy covered ruined castle only equalled by the ancient old castles (within walking distance) of Bodiam, and Hurstmonceance together with a host of minor ruins and antiquated parish churches. The entire sea coast as far as the eye can reach is dotted with Martello towers at stated intervals that were erected to impede Napoleon's contemplated invasion of England at the commencement of the present century.

Among the more modern country seats Ashburnham Place, the residence of the Earl of Ashburnham, together with Normanhurst Court, the home of Lord Brassey, K. C. B., rank foremost. The latter is open to visitors once a week, when a charge of a shilling admission is made, the proceeds being devoted to a charity. The court is approached through handsome lodge gates, thence up a graveled avenue through a park that is kept like a garden, dotted with spreading oaks, deer, pedigreed stock, sheep, wild rabbits and game. The house itself is a huge pile composed of hundreds of lofty rooms, including a handsome museum in which are curiosities gathered by the late Lady Brassey in far off lands while making a tour round the world in the yacht *Sunbeam* and whose book, "*The Voyage of the Sunbeam*," delights most boys; farther there is a handsome picture gallery of life-sized portraits, etc., library, dining hall, scores of guest chambers furnished like palaces, liveried servants are legion, stables with all modern improvements large enough to quarter a regiment of dragoons, also a gigantic palm house, that puts the Lincoln Park, Chicago, conservatories in the shade.

Lord Brassey has donated to the town of Hastings a handsome four storied figured terra cotta faced building called the Brassey Institute with its free read-

ing room, a library of thousands of books of reference, etc., a school of science and art, etc., that is one of the useful as well as ornamental places of the town.

Modern Hastings, together with St. Leonards, has a resident population about equal to Salt Lake City, but during the summer season some 80,000 visitors are constantly there who are mostly merchants, clerks and book keepers, together with their families, on their annual vacation, the winter months being devoted to the upper classes and invalids in general. At any time of the year, however, it is a splendid place to study human character.

But let us glance at it in the summer time and observe plebeian Johnny Bull enjoying himself, when the "front" and its crowds of thousands promenading, boating, holding impromptu concerts, etc., is a sight of which one never tires. From nine a. m. to midnight it is an unvarying place of interest. There are England's young men and maidens, the sterner sex dressed in white flannels with "blazers" of every conceivable pattern and color, and straw hats, or else attired in neat summer suits, that English abomination—the silk hat—being conspicuous by its absence. The ladies are dressed in neat or wonderful costumes according to the taste of the wearer. They are a merry crowd, with no thought of the morrow, and resent any attempt to thrust religion upon them at such a time.

And how they do flirt in an unblushing manner! Algy, just fresh from behind a dry goods counter, I beg pardon, draper's shop, posing as a gentleman of leisure. Angeline has laid down her scissors and thread so necessary to her occupation and gives out the idea that she is a duchess incognito, and there

they sit on the beach listening to the strolling players and musicians in a most maudlin and affectionate manner, until the unsophisticated Utahnian anxiously murmurs "Where is this English modesty that one hears so much about?" but promptly subsides upon being informed that they belong to the "vulgar middle classes."

This class distinction of England is a fearful thing. I trust it may stay there and never invade the valleys of the mountains.

George E. Carpenter.

THE HERMIT, THE MOON AND THE VOLCANO.

JUST ten years ago today, Jan. 10, I see by my journal, that I passed Cape Matapan, of the peninsula Morea, Greece.

On one of the rough and dangerous points for passing vessels on this peninsula lived an old hermit who was once a sailor. Three times in his seafaring business had he been wrecked on this particular point and each time he came near losing his life. Therefore he determined in his mind that Providence had ordained that he should there live and die. To carry out this impression he would have to live the life of a hermit. This was only carrying out an ancient custom which was that when certain sins had to be atoned for or any special blessing more particularly appreciated or a more holy life was to be followed, men would isolate themselves from society, live in mountains, caves, monasteries or other lonely places, avoiding all comforts of life, often allowing filth and vermin to almost destroy them in order to show how little they regarded flesh, believing that they thereby pleased God and had overcome all

worldly desire for pleasures and comforts which were believed to be means whereby Satan led off the children of men.

This Greek hermit lived a long way from other people. His home was on a rough and rocky spur where none but the gulls would think of resting when the Mediterranean storms in their fury would send the breakers rolling high up against the cliffs. No trees grew on the barren spot and nothing of the pleasing in nature could be seen; everything in the surroundings partook of the violent and awful; both on land and on water. Here seemed to him to be an ideal spot where the flesh might be crucified, where temptations of all kinds could be easily overcome and where his whole soul could be devoted to the service of his Creator; and surely his comprehension of God's service, and of one man's duty toward another in helping to sustain one another, and in the culture of the outward man and the beautifying of outward surroundings, must have been very limited.

His earthly comforts were all centered in a little round stone hut built a little way from the scene of the shipwrecks. But the more important place to him was a little stone church built in the rocks of the cliff of the rugged cape. There he performed his worship of the Greek Catholic faith, consisting of prayers to his most favored saints before whose images he bowed, and had his holy candles ever burning, as also his mass and the chantings peculiar to that faith.

He certainly must feel himself a sort of hero, for every passing steamer salutes him by whistling and hoisting flags which he answers by waving his flag.

He can only visit or be visited by people climbing through the steep

mountain passes. He is supported entirely by charity.

This may be pious in the sight of some people but to the Latter-day Saints it is all folly, because it carries with it no development and brings no usefulness, as a rule, to anyone. It is one of the freaks of the doctrines of men and has no foundation in the word of God.

Among other things of note which happened during this trip from Marseilles to Constantinople, we were favored one evening with a phenomenon of rare occurrence: viz., a lunar rainbow. The moon was shining in its full splendor in the distant sky while the subsiding rains formed the proper condition for the forming of the bow. It was beautiful beyond description, being very complete and nearly as bright as one formed by the setting sun after a summer rain. The occurrence became more interesting to me when the following dispatch was read in the newspaper:

"San Francisco, Feb. 13. —The *Steamer Colon*, from Panama, brought a story of a lunar rainbow that was witnessed at Colon on the 11th of January. At first a light cloud of vapor appeared, then the bow formed. The colors were peculiar and startling. This is the first evidence of a lunar rainbow since the sixteenth century."

One evening, last fall, about 11 o'clock, a lunar rainbow was witnessed here in Salt Lake County. Just as the moon was fairly over the Wasatch Mountains the bow formed and at one time became quite complete but not so brilliant as the one witnessed on the Mediterranean.

The writer also had the pleasure of witnessing the outbursts of the Volcano Strombula on an island off the Italian

coast; the blowouts would occur every few minutes with greater or less force. But it was no grander sight to behold than that of a forest fire in our mountains. Of course we saw it at a distance of several miles and could tell nothing of the cavity from whence the fire boiled forth. But from our point of view it had the appearance of a mountain fire, many of which are even more imposing to behold. But it produced a feeling of awe in all who beheld it, because it was one of the great displays of nature; one of God's creations beyond the imitation of man, the need of which man has not been able to discover. The volcano is located in the top of a high peak hence the activity of the crater is the more grand and interesting to the passing steamers that happen by at night.

Friis.

THE OLD RAM.

WHEN I was a boy I spent my summer holidays on my uncle's farm, and most of my few thoughtful moments were devoted to wondering if the pugnacious old rams that lorded it over uncle's flocks of sheep had ever been like the timid little lambs that bleated so piteously when chance separated them from their mothers.

I finally decided that the old heroes must have been large and pugnacious youngsters, such as I had not seen, and objects of pride to all their relations. Whereat, being reminded of a certain studious boy to whom my parents were constantly referring as a model for my emulation, I climbed down into the sheep lot, picked up a stone, and threw it at the big twisted horn, who was for that year king of the flock. My retreat over the fence was made just in time.

It was that same ram who afterwards battled so well for me that I forgave him all fancied resemblance to the studious one. To be sure, it was his love of battle, not his love of me—I had given him small cause for affection—that prompted him to do what he did; yet, as was my custom, I did not reason into the thing, and my gratitude was none the less.

That summer had been full of new and enjoyable incidents. My cousins and I had caught thirty-nine catfish in a single morning—our record; I had fallen into the milldam and nearly drowned, and there had been much sport with the sheep.

I seldom ventured near the patriarch, but there were several young bucks in the flock that I regarded as legitimate prey. One of them, charging at me up a steep hill, I out-generaled and managed to throw to the ground. My exultation was, however, succeeded by anxiety when he lay for many minutes, panting an apparently unable to rise.

I knew what my uncle would think if one of his pets was disabled, and it was with considerable relief that I regarded him when he awkwardly struggled to his feet and retreated hastily down the hill to his companions.

On another occasion I leaped on his back. The surrounding sheep immediately fled, passing beneath a long bar stretched across the entrance to a lane, while my steed stood trembling uncertain how to act.

Suddenly deciding, he dashed after the others, and the bar swept me ingloriously from his back into the dust.

I was not hurt, but my feelings were, sadly. It was because my pretty girl cousin was looking on that I had essayed the feat, and she was heartless enough to laugh gleefully at the mishap.

One sleepy afternoon I was lying beneath the big oak tree in the middle of the clover-field chewing the sweet blossoms, waving my feet in the air, at peace with myself and the comparatively unimportant rest of the world. In an adjoining field I could see the sheep, always eating (in which particular I mentally compared them to my boy friends, but not to myself.)

"Man," I thought, proudly, "is the lord of creation."

How nice it would be to sleep out in this field all night! I would suggest to my cousins that we do it. Rolled up in blankets, with our feet to a fire—all this on a warm summer night—we would be close imitators of the mighty hunters of whom I had read.

What would we do if a fierce bull, like the one I heard go bellowing down the road in front of the house last night, should attack us? We would seize fire brands, of course, as other brave hunters had done, and gallantly drive him away.

Nevertheless, I was not so very anxious for that chance to distinguish myself and prove my bravery. Last night, when I had heard the old fellow—who had evidently broken out of his proper quarters and was having his own way—go challenging along, I was very glad that I was safe in bed, and not out on that highway.

Before my head sank down again into the clover I noticed the old ram looking steadily at me, or over me, through the bars of the fence.

A jumble of the fanciful thoughts that sometimes precede sleep crowded through my brain, and—

I started to my hands and knees, fearful, a roaring noise in my ears.

An unmistakable bellow from behind me followed, and looking over my

shoulder I saw a big, fierce Holstein bull, not a hundred feet from me, pawing the earth and shaking his great head menacingly in the direction of the sheep, where the guardian of the flock was evidently endeavoring to batter down the fence separating him from the intruder.

As soon as I rose to my feet the bull saw me, and probably deciding that I was a safer and surer antagonist, made for me with lowered head and lifted tail. And then I realized the meaning of "rooted to the spot."

It was with a great effort that I roused myself from that very dangerous fear, and, perceiving that the fence was too far away, hastily placed myself on the other side of the oak, whose lowest branches were far beyond my reach.

Stumbling over a root of the tree, he hurled himself past me, but immediately turned again for the charge. Again I was on the wrong side of the tree—for him.

Oh, but that fence did seem to be so far away!

Once more the mad bull dashed towards the tree, turning sharply around after me. Once more I was too quick for him. He withdrew a little distance and gazed malevolently at me, I peering around the tree, his wicked red eyes refusing to lower, as they should have done before the persistent gaze on one of the "lords of creation."

The situation was, as the foreign correspondents say, "rapidly becoming strained." My legs were trembling even more than when I had spoken my first "piece" at school. Being reminded in that way, oh, how ardently did I wish myself safe on that heretofore dreaded platform!

Though I could see that his legs were not moving him forward, it seemed

to me that those short sharp horns, and the broad, curly forehead were in some mysterious way coming nearer and nearer. With weakening knees and courage fast oozing out, I cast a fearful, and at first hopeless, glance around me for help.

Hopeless at first, I say, for my eyes had almost completed their despairing circuit, when, with amazed joy, they beheld a gallant rescuer bounding across the field toward my enemy. The fence had not sufficed to restrain the warlike vigor of the old ram.

The start I gave at the sight was a signal to the besieger to renew hostilities, for he immediately charged, all unconscious that a really formidable foe was fast approaching; and just as the bull was broadside to the tree, and about to turn after me, with a terrific momentum, the ram struck him fairly on the side and knocked him against the tree.

I knew this was my chance, and I accepted it with exceeding quickness. Around the tree I went, and ran for the nearest fence—the one through which my rescuer had broken.

I looked back over my shoulder just in time to see the bull receive another well-meant and well-executed blow in the ribs. Then, with a delicious sense of safety, I mounted the fence, prepared to enjoy the fight.

Here I was doomed to disappointment. There was no fight left in that bull. Like so many of his masters, his enthusiasm for the fray had collapsed completely when met by hard knocks. He was doing his best to gain the entrance to the field through which he had forced his way from the highway, while the victor gazed after him with what must have been the sublimest disdain for a few moments, and then

calmly made his way back to his excited friends, wasting but a glance on me as he passed.

THE wisdom with which we try to accomplish our desires will to a great degree determine the benefit and pleasure to be derived from them. Sometimes we wonder how it is that, while really wishing to help others, our efforts yet seem futile. We have tried to do good and signally failed, and we are naturally and sadly disheartened. In nine cases out of ten, perhaps, it is owing to our own lack of judgment. We have not learned the way to do good effectually; nor do we show others the way to become or to do what we so strongly advise.

THE courage of high endeavor is not the courage of endurance; the enthusiasm that laughs at obstacles and difficulties is very different from the experience which realizes them; the self-confidence which has no thought of limitations is quite unlike the humility which has found and accepted them; the hopefulness which has never been crushed scarcely resembles the modest hope which may spring up after failure or disappointment, content to strive for small things when great ones are impossible.

EVERY man, every woman, every child, has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some occasion for using this talent. As we use it, it gradually increases, improves, becomes native to the character. As we neglect it, it dwindles, withers, and disappears. This is the stern but benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring.

BIRTHDAY SONG,

For the Latter-day Prophets.

*May be sung to the tune "Our Mountain Home so Dear,"
Repeating the fifth line, as well as the
third, in each verse.*

YE Saints of latter-days,
Sound the glad song of praise,
Throughout the earth;
Praise Him whose love sublime,
Brings in this latter time,
His Prophet's birth.

December twenty-third,
Let joyous strains be heard,
In sweet accord;
Let Saints unite and pray,
'Tis Joseph's natal day,
Praise ye the Lord!

And on the first of June,
All nature then in tune,
With heart and tongue,
Sings of the desert land,
Redeemed by God's own hand,
And Brigham Young.

November first, again,
Among the bravest men,
The world hath known,
John Taylor's name should sound,
Wherever truth is found,
Or light hath shone.

The first of March, each year,
Shall Wilford, ever dear,
Remembered be;
In every land and clime,
Praise Him whose love sublime
Makes Zion free.

Winter and summer, too,
Our joyous thanks are due,
Autumn and spring;
Each brought a Prophet's birth,
In latter days to earth—
Let Zion sing!

With praise the whole year 'round,
Let Israel's heart abound,
On mount, in glen;
Wherever Saints reside,
God's name be glorified,
Amen! Amen!

L. L. Greene Richards.

NO TASK is well performed by a reluctant hand.

* * THE * *

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MARCH 1, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**SACRAMENT—ITS SACREDNESS.**

GREAT care should be taken with the children in Sunday Schools to impress upon them the sacredness of the Sacrament. Every Sunday, wherever Sunday Schools are held among the Latter-day Saints, the Sacrament is administered to the children. The intention in granting this privilege to the Sunday Schools is to teach or impress upon the children the sacredness of the ordinance. It has been hoped that in administering to them the bread and the cup, they would learn to reverence the name and memory of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and more vividly realize His sufferings and death and the sacrifices which He made for us.

These questions arise, "Are these ends reached by letting the children partake of the Sacrament each Sunday in the Sunday Schools? Do the children obtain a clear idea of the purpose of the Sacrament? Or does the frequent administration of it to them lessen its sacredness in their eyes by making it too common a thing?"

To have it made too common so that its impressiveness and sanctity would be lost upon the children would be unfortunate. This would defeat the object which was had in view when it was decided to introduce the Sacrament into the Sunday Schools.

Let us ask the superintendents and

teachers of Sunday Schools concerning this matter:

What is the effect upon the children of administering this ordinance in your schools? Is it treated lightly by them, and do they fail to appreciate its import and sacredness?

We need not say to you that if this be the case the effect is bad. Children should not be permitted to grow up without respect and reverence for this holy ordinance. We hear reports from some schools to the effect that the children's conduct when the Sacrament is being administered is far from proper. It is said they are rude, careless and disorderly; they seem to have no understanding of the purpose of the Sacrament and do not act as though they thought there was anything sacred about it.

The Lord Jesus has told His people and impressed upon His servants in the most solemn manner that the Sacrament is a holy and sacred ordinance that cannot be trifled with. In conformity with His instructions the writer has had occasion in several instances while laboring in the ministry abroad to refuse the Sacrament to persons whose conduct had been improper. It sometimes occurs that it is necessary to do this to give to members of the Church a clear idea of this ordinance and that it is too sacred to be partaken of by any person whose conduct is not that of a Saint. We have found this method of dealing with members who have been guilty of improper conduct very effective. Not only were the persons thus dealt with taught an impressive lesson but it had an excellent effect upon all the members of the Church who knew of the occurrence.

We should like to see this method of dealing with unruly boys and girls

adopted in our Sunday Schools. If after being taught and remonstrated with they do not behave themselves with decorum, they should be made to feel the consequences of such misconduct. The Sacrament should be withheld from them. No one should be permitted to partake of it who is disobedient or unmannerly or whose general conduct is not that of a Saint. If this course be judiciously pursued in our Sunday Schools, the effect will be very salutary. By this means children will learn to look upon the Sacrament in the right light and that they cannot partake of it unworthily. Let this once be fixed in their minds and they will never forget it, it will cling to them through their lives.

But, on the other hand, if children are permitted to partake of the Lord's Supper without being admonished and reprimanded when they behave badly, and without the Sacrament being withheld from them, when they are disorderly and irreverent, there is danger that they may grow up with feelings akin to contempt for the ordinance. Such a result would be deplorable. We hope, therefore, that the superintendents and teachers of Sunday Schools will take this matter into consideration and spare no pains to maintain the sacredness of the Sacrament and build up in the minds of the children a holy reverence for it.

Our attention has been called to a statement which appears in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of September 15th, 1896, to the effect that "Nephi did not have the power to confer the Holy Ghost upon those who were baptized."

While there is no direct statement in the Book of Mormon that Nephi had the

Melchisedek Priesthood, there is no room, we think, to doubt the presence of that Priesthood among the Nephites, and especially with the first Nephi. We read in the 36 paragraph of the 31st chapter of the Book of Alma as follows:

"Now it came to pass that when Alma had said these words, that he clapped his hands upon all them who were with him. And behold, as he clapped his hands upon them, they were filled with the Holy Spirit.

From this the inference is plain that Alma had the Melchisedek Priesthood. Besides this, there is constant allusion in the Book of Mormon to Elders and High Priests, to the building of temples, and to a condition of things as existing in the Church that we cannot conceive would exist in the absence of the Melchisedek Priesthood.

It is recorded in the 7th par. of chapter 10 of the Book of Helaman, that the Lord said unto Nephi, the son of Helaman:

"Behold I give unto you power, that whatsoever ye shall seal on earth, shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven; and thus shall ye have power among this people."

This power herein given belongs to the one who holds the keys of the Melchisedek Priesthood.

Before the Savior made His appearance to the Nephites, another Nephi arose, the son of the Nephi just mentioned. It is said:

"In the name of Jesus did he cast out devils and unclean spirits; and even his brother did he raise from the dead, after he had been stoned and suffered death by the people." III Nephi 7, 19.

The statement concerning the first Nephi not having the power to confer

the Holy Ghost was published without the notice of the editor, or it would have been corrected.

The following questions come to us with the request that they should be answered, as they have given rise to some discussion in one of the Sunday Schools.

1st. "Are persons ever ordained to the higher Priesthood without first being ordained to the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood?"

2nd. "If so, would such persons be authorized to officiate in the lesser Priesthood?"

To the first question we answer, Yes. It has not been uncommon to ordain persons to the Melchisedek Priesthood who have never held the Aaronic Priesthood, though the feeling is very general among the authorities of the Church that it is a better plan to ordain, especially in the case of young men, to the offices of the lesser Priesthood in the first place. By ordaining young men Deacons and then Teachers and then Priests after the order of Aaron, they can gain experience and be better prepared to discharge the duties of the higher Priesthood when they are ordained Elders, Seventies, etc. It is frequently the case, however, in preaching the Gospel in the world, that Elders find it necessary to ordain recently-baptized men to the Melchisedek Priesthood that they may be able to organize branches and have men qualified to assist them in preaching the Gospel and administering the ordinances to the people among whom they dwell.

We repeat, therefore, that persons can be ordained to the higher Priesthood without first being ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood.

In answer to the second question, we

say that persons thus ordained would be authorized to officiate in the lesser Priesthood. This is in accordance with the word of the Lord contained in the 107th section of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, par. 8, wherein the Lord says:

"The Melchisedek Priesthood holds the right of Presidency, and has power and authority over all the offices in the Church in all ages of the world, to administer in spiritual things."

Also in the 10th and 12th paragraphs:

"High Priests after the order of the Melchisedek Priesthood, have a right to officiate in their own standing, under the direction of the Presidency, in administering spiritual things; and also in the office of an Elder, Priest (of the Levitical order), Teacher, Deacon and member."

"The High Priest and Elder are to administer in spiritual things, agreeable to the covenants and commandments of the Church; and they have a right to officiate in all these offices in the Church when there are no higher authorities present."

One of our correspondents asks a question in reference to the prediction uttered by the Prophet Moses, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, where he says:

"A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me, him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass that every soul who will not hear that prophet, shall be cut off from among the people."

Our correspondent says that different explanations have been made concerning this, some saying that it is the Lord Jesus who was referred to, and

others claiming that it is some other personage.

In reply, we have to say that there should be no question upon this important matter, for we have the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded in the 23rd paragraph of the 20th chapter of the III. Book of Nephi, where He, Himself, declares:

"Behold, I am he of whom Moses spake, saying, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me," etc.

There has been some discussion in one of the Sunday Schools on a question, "Did Aaron hold the Melchisedek Priesthood?" and we are asked to answer it.

We do not know of any record within our reach in which this question is answered. But it is extremely probable, and we think the weight of evidence is in favor of the conclusion, that he did hold the Melchisedek Priesthood. He was the spokesman of his brother Moses, and before presiding over the Aaronic Priesthood acted as one might act who held the office of a High Priest in the Melchisedek Priesthood.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH.

A Story of Norway.

THE REGATTA.

I.

It was an ideal day for sailing. The choppy waves of the sea danced merrily before the strong breeze which came from the North Sea. The sky was filled with flying clouds, soft and white, and the deep blue behind peeped out when it had a chance.

The Norwegian coast stood out bold

against the sea and sky. The dark green pines covered it to the water's edge, save where a rocky headland jutted out from the forest and met the sea with a wall of solid rock. A few islands broke the coast line to the north, but otherwise there was a clear sweep of the vision to where Skager Rock and the sky met.

Langesund, as every Norwegian knows, lies at the entrance to that beautiful sheet of water, Skien Fjord, about one hundred miles from Christiania. The little town was decked in holiday attire that day. The annual meeting of the national regatta was to be held at Brevik, a few miles up the fjord, and the races were to be sailed on the course outside the harbor of Langesund.

The boats began to arrive early. They came from the north and from the south coasts, but the great majority had come the day before and had passed the night at Brevik. Now they came, sailing down the fjord, a long procession of white-winged boats, until at the starting line there were at least a hundred vessels, large and small. Excursion steamers were crowded with sight seers. Tugs were turned into passenger boats. Fishing smacks were now pleasure boats, containing jolly parties. Everything that would float on the ruffled water outside the harbor was pressed into service that day.

One by one the racers slipped through Langesund's narrow harbor into the sea. There goes Hr. Bjerke's new yacht, followed by the Virga, an old-time favorite. Here comes a stranger that nobody seems to know, and close behind are a pair, side by side. Then comes a low hull painted jet black, in sharp contrast to one not far behind with pure white canvas and hull. Builder Swensen's boat now is seen. Its

peculiar lines are commented upon, and so the procession goes.

One of the last that sped down the waters of the fjord towards the open sea was the Swan, a graceful boat painted white. She was a favorite among a class that pretended to know a thing or two about boats. Captain Halvor Steen sat at the helm and pointed the Swan's, nose out through the channel into the sea and then turned her around towards the point of beginning. A steamer loaded with people passed him and he was greeted with a cheer, to which he raised his cap in return. Halvor Steen was well known among the sailing fraternity.

"A little more canvas, Sven, or we'll be late at the starting."

"All right sir," and the Swan spread her white wings to the breeze.

"We're not first," said the Captain, as he caught sight of the great fleet of canvas clustered around the starting point.

The first gun from the judge's boat was fired just as the Swan sailed up. This signal was for the first class to get ready. The Swan belonged to the second class and had plenty of time to swing around into position.

Only one boat crossed the line in class first. Two should have started, but as one failed to appear, the race was declared off. The interest then centered on the second class boats of which there were half a dozen. They were maneuvering to get into position, and when the signal was given, four boats crossed the line at once. Two had ventured across ahead of time and had to turn around again.

This was really the race of the day. There were some good yachts taking part, and the prizes were worth winning.

Five boats got a good start, among them, the Swan. When they were fairly under way many of the steamers followed.

The sailing was over a triangular course. The first angle was against the wind and the boats immediately began to tack, which soon separated them and each had free space and wind to the goal.

Halvor Steen and his crew were confident of winning. The Swan had never yet disappointed them, and this time she must not. The wind and the sea were favorable to her; and their hopes were high.

Half way to the windward turn, it was plainly seen that there were but three boats in the race. The Swan and the Virga were in the lead and a blue painted boat which until now had escaped much notice, was close behind.

"Halvor," asked Sven, "what boat is that? Her next tack will bring her well up."

Captain Steen leveled his glass at the blue boat. He gave a surprised whistle, lowered the glass, adjusted it, and looked again.

"It's the Blue Bird," said he.

"No!"

"Yes; it's the Blue Bird, and Froken Heldman herself is at the helm," and he handed the glass to his friend.

"You're right. Did'nt you know?"

"I had'nt the least idea she was going to race. In fact she told me some time ago that she had quit the sea. Well, I'm beaten."

"Not yet," said Sven with a smile.

The Swan had turned into the eye of the wind and her sails for an instant flapped loosely. Then she sped on. Another tack and they ought to turn the first mark. The Virga also changed her course. The Blue Bird would cross the track of the Swan and not far behind

either. The crew got ready for a good cheer when she did. Captain Steen could be that gallant "because Froken Heldman would need some encouragement," remarked Sven.

But Captain Steen made no answer. He examined each sail and rope carefully to see that they did not lose a foot.

"The Blue Bird, hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah" came back and Froken Heldman waved her handkerchief.

And now they all steered for the turn. The Swan led, the Virga followed closely, and the Blue Bird was some distance behind. Around they all gracefully turned, and adjusting their sails to the wind, sped away for the next turn. The breeze was stiff, the sails were pulling hard and the bows cut the water like knives.

The three boats kept their relative distances during the hour it took them to reach the second turn. Around that, and the wind was perfect for a swift run to the finish. The interest was high. Most of the spectators had followed the three and now steamed for the starting point to see them come in at the close. The crews of the three boats worked heroically.

Halvor Steen turned his glass oftener to the Blue Bird than to the one that was giving him the hardest race. Froken Heldman still sat at the helm. Well, she was master of the craft, and he knew that no man there, though sailors all, could take her place.

See! as the Blue Bird rounds the buoy, and gets well pointed towards the goal, a great white sheet comes into view. It springs into its place in an instant and the wind shapes it into a beautiful bulging sail. Surely, the boat can not stand that awful strain! She will go over! See, she keels, she dips,

and the leeward deck touches the sea, as with a great bound, she rushes through the water. A white wave is at her bows and the spray flies over her. Slowly, as if reluctantly, she rights a little, and through the spray, a row of men can be seen clinging to the windward rail. The big sail is re-adjusted and the danger is lessened a trifle. Still on she plunges. She passes the Virga and is fast lessening the distance to the Swan.

It was all done so suddenly that everybody was taken by surprise. Then cheer upon cheer arose. From steamers and yachts came hurrahs and even the cheers from the black mass of people that stood on the headland echoed faintly out to the racers.

"More canvas!" shouted Captain Steen, "Crowd it on! Quick men, on with it!" And they obeyed.

The Virga was taken completely by surprise. She also put out some more sail, but she already had all she could carry and it had to be taken in. The Virga was out of the race as far as first was concerned.

Now it was between the Swan and the Blue Bird. No time now to examine each other through glasses. No time for glasses, no time for anybody but self. Every eye was quick. Every nerve and muscle was under strain. No sound was heard but the swish of the water as the two boats parted the waves. Captain Steen gave a hurried backward glance. Blue Bird was surely gaining at that terrible speed, gaining, slowly, but surely. Another half hour like that and he would be beaten.

Froken Atelie Heldman sat with a firm hand on the tiller. Her cap had fallen from her head and her long brown hair was flying in the wind. Her eye shone with excitement, her

cheeks glowed, and her lips were hard and set. With delicate skill she moved the rudder, knowing she held the reins of a flying steed that must win the race.

The wind was splendid, a strong, steady blow. The clouds had become darker and there were signs of rain in the west. Still not even the smallest of the fleet of vessels left. White sails dotted the water here and there over the whole course, third and fourth class boats in their own race.

"Sven," whispered Captain Steen, "can't we have more canvas?"

"Not another thread, Halvor."

"Then we'll be beaten."

Sven gave no answer, but his sharp eyes searched every point to see that each rope and each sail was doing its work. No change for the better could be made.

The Blue Bird still came on, gaining slowly but surely. The Virga was close behind but could not regain her lost advantage.

Half a mile to the line! Halvor Steen and Atelie Heldman can easily carry on a conversation, but each is silent, both are rigid with eyes for nothing but their own boats and the goal. A quarter of a mile! A few minutes more. The Blue Bird is close up to the Swan.

The Swan's great white sails perceptibly relax. Yes, the Blue Bird is so close to windward that she has taken the Swan's wind. Now the Blue Bird's bows are even with her rival's mast. Now the Swan's sails flap ominously. Blue Bird is even. They speed on, nose to nose. The Swan's sails fill again, but she can not recover. She is lost. Captain Steen stares hard at Froken Heldman. She looks straight before her.

Inch by inch Blue Bird creeps ahead. They are near the line—they shoot

across, Blue Bird half a boat's length ahead!

Such a shout, such a ringing of bells and blowing of whistles as then took place was never heard before, and has never been heard since, at a sailing of the national regatta.

Nephi Anderson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LARGEST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

IN THE first number of the present volume, January 1st, appears an essay on the Atonement delivered in the Stockport Sunday School, England, the largest in the world. Believing it would be interesting to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to give a brief account of my visit to that institution in the summer of 1894, I take the opportunity of doing so.

On August 19th of the above year I wended my way toward the building, which is situated on Wellington Street, a short distance from the London and North Western railway station, in the town of Stockport, Lancashire.

A first glimpse of the edifice created the impression in my mind that it was a factory but, upon inquiry, I found that it was the place I was in search of.

It is a square four-story building from the basement, with four rows, twelve in a row, of windows in front.

Being directed to the proper entrance I was soon ushered into the committee room and introduced to W. B. Leigh, Esq., the general secretary.

Mr. Leigh took pleasure in showing me through the building, and furnished full information concerning the working of the school. There are nearly one hundred rooms in it. The main room or hall will probably seat over three thou-

sand people, and is used for jubilee anniversaries, Sunday evening service once a month, tea parties, and for other purposes.

For adult male and female classes there are two main and ten class rooms, and for first and second classes the same number of rooms. On the first floor there are nine rooms for boys, and on the second floor ten rooms for girls; three libraries, one tract room, where tracts and a few cheap books are sold to members of the school, one committee room, one inspector's room, one librarian's room and a porter's room.

There are fifty-seven classes in the school. The general library contains 2,500 books, the teachers' library 3,000 and the first and second-class library 2,900; the latter is composed mostly of magazines.

On the walls of the committee room can be seen elegant oil paintings and photo-engravings of distinguished men who have taken a very active part as officers in the school, some of whom were in service for half a century or more. Prominent among the oil paintings is one of Mr. Joseph Mayer, who was connected with the school from 1790 until his death, January 23, 1857, sixty-seven years.

Attached to the school is a small building erected expressly for an infant department, to which all under five years of age (who are able to toddle around) are admitted. About 200 names were enrolled.

Adjacent to the town are four branch schools belonging to the Stockport Sunday School, viz: Heaton Mersey, Brinkaway, Lancashire Hill, and Heaveley.

The officers of the school consist of general inspector and two assistants, treasurer and assistant, general secre-

tary, librarian and assistant, two auditors, committee of thirty-four members, forty visitors (superintendents of different departments,) forty-five trustees and a finance committee.

The school hours are from 9 to 12 a.m. and from 2 to 4 p.m.

The exercises consist of singing, prayer, short addresses, Bible lessons, writing exercises, etc.

Once a month the majority of the classes, shortly after 10 a.m., march in procession to different places of worship. The day I was present thirty-five classes left the school for that purpose.

One Sunday evening each month is set apart for service in the large room for members of the school, parents and friends. Occasionally in the large room there are tea parties for parents and members of the school. At the last held prior to my visit, there were 1,400 present, and two nights previous there were 1,100 seated.

There is a sick and burial society connected with the school.

The school is non-sectarian and admits children of all denominations, excepting Catholic, Jew and Unitarian. Even Mormon children would be permitted to attend.

T. W. Wetherel, a prominent resident of New York City, who is greatly interested in Sunday Schools, makes a yearly visit to Stockport and remains a few weeks for the purpose of visiting the school. A large photo-engraving of this gentleman can be seen in the committee room.

Looking over the school's registry list I noticed the following: "June, 1838; No. 47,248, Ephraim Clarkson, aged 5 years." Mr. Clarkson is porter for the school and resides in the building. He is now 61 years of age.

The finances of the school are kept

up by annual subscription, from the public collections at annual sermons, and monthly meetings, rents, profits from books and stationery sold, etc.

I registered my name as hailing from Salt Lake City. The secretary invited me to come some Sabbath and address the adult scholars. He also presented me with several pamphlets, showing the progress of the school, among which was one giving "an account of the proceedings of the grand jubilee, held June, 1855, in commemoration of laying the foundation stone of the Stockport Sunday School, Saturday, June 15, 1805;" also proceedings of the centennial services of the school, held in November, 1884.

October 16, 1894, I paid a second visit to this school and was privileged to address about 175 young men, also had the pleasure of speaking to the adult class, which consisted of probably seventy men between the ages of 25 and 60.

The school had recently been bereft by death of its senior teacher, the oldest member connected with the school, Mr. George Kinch, a true and tried veteran in the Sunday School cause. He had been associated with the school for sixty one years; during that time 61,000 names had been added to the school roll. He had held several important positions in the school. His demise occurred September 27, 1894.

Just recently I have received a copy of "The Annual Report of the Stockport Sunday School for 1896," from September 30, 1895, to September 30, 1896.

The interior of the school, last year, has been cleansed and beautified throughout, and a much needed ventilation has been applied to the large room.

The report states that among the prominent men of the school called away by death is Wm. Henry Crossley, visitor or head teacher of the 47th class, who had been connected with the school fifty-two years. He celebrated his jubilee in 1893. Also Alexander T. Pickering, who was chief officer of the libraries of the school. He, too, celebrated his jubilee in 1893. They had both been faithful and energetic officers and members.

PRESENT STATE OF THE SCHOOLS, 1896.

Name of School.	Male Teachers.	Female Teachers.	Scholars.		Total scholars.	Total Teachers and scholars.
			Boys	Girls		
Stockport	165	136	1733	1751	3484	3785
Heaton Mersey	15	12	127	133	260	277
Brinkaway	19	14	188	184	372	405
Lancashire Hill	23	16	227	227	454	493
Heaveley	16	17	139	125	264	297
Total	238	195	2514	2420	4934	5257

Last registered teacher, No. 5971.

Last registered scholar, No. 103,934.

A brief history of the Stockport Sunday School is as follows:

Mr. Robert Raikes commenced the first Sunday School in Gloucester, England, in 1780. The report of Mr. Raikes's success having reached Stockport, it stimulated a few friends interested in the welfare of the youth to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Sabbath School philosopher, and they resolved to do likewise.

A town committee, under the sanction of the clergy and ministers of various denominations, was formed, who established seven schools, of which this now known as the Stockport Sunday School was one. For nine years it was known as a town's school, under control and sustained by that committee.

Then circumstances arose which made

a change necessary and it was called the Methodist Sunday School.

During the first twenty years (up to the time of the erection of the new building) the teachers were paid for their service, the first wages 1s. 6d. each Sabbath.

In the year 1804 the number of scholars having greatly increased the plan was conceived of erecting one large Sunday School, undenominational and without distinction of sect or party.

Subscriptions were opened for that purpose.

June 15, 1805, the foundation stone was laid. In 1806 the building was finished and opened.

Robert Aveson.

A STORY OF TWENTY YEAR'S AGO.

Four Mormon Girls.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125.)

PREPARATIONS were going merrily on for Agnes' and Gowan's wedding at Christmas, and the only cloud upon their sunny horizon was the break between Jean and Howard.

The two sisters had a long confidential talk before Jean's departure and Agnes had excused her as cheerfully as she could from attendance at her wedding knowing that it would be too trying after her own recent disappointment, and she had also intimated to Rintha and Chatty that she did not think Jean could possibly come such a long distance through the inclement weather to spend the Christmas holidays at home.

Chatty was so intent upon her own affairs which were not running as smoothly as she could wish, that she did not give Jean's absence a thought, but Rintha knew that something was

amiss, and made a pretty shrewd guess what that something was.

She truly sympathized with her favorite friend, and admired her conduct and courage, but as she had not been taken into Jean's confidence, she sympathized and admired in silence.

One thing which comforted Jean very much was the knowledge that Douglas had decided to attend the academy after Christmas, the press of work at home not allowing him to join sooner.

He had heard from a pretty reliable source that Chatty and Fred were intending to be married early in the spring, and the knowledge that so unworthy a rival was to carry off the prize he himself had striven for was bitterness indeed.

Could he have seen any prospect of her happiness, he felt that he could have borne his own disappointment better, but the acquaintance he had with Fred's character and habits dispelled any illusions he might have cherished on that point, and he felt that Chatty's mistake was destroying her own happiness as well as his.

Jean had urged him to join her at school, knowing from the admission he had made to her under the wild grape vine in the dear old home orchard that he needed the wholesome discipline of study and new surroundings to take his attention from himself, quite as much as she had done, and the help and comfort that he had given her in her hour of trial made her heart very tender towards him.

Gowan came down about ten days before Christmas, and had talked business and politics with Brother Stuart, fun and nonsense with the boys and love to Agnes, to their hearts content, but when the conversation turned upon religious topics he did not seem so well

posted, so Brother Stuart had the most of the conversation on that subject to himself.

It was arranged that Agnes and Jamie should return to Salt Lake with him, spending a few days visiting among his relatives, and then he and Agnes would be married in the Endowment House, returning at once to N—where they were to hold their reception.

And what a lovely visit they did have!

Balls, and suppers, and sleighrides, and skating parties; for the weather had been unusually severe and the sleighing and skating were perfect.

The tender attention of her handsome and dignified lover, and the respectful deference with which she was treated by his people, made those few days very sweet to Agnes. She was a lovely woman and always made hosts of friends wherever she went, but she had never seemed to feel her power to please so much as on this present occasion.

Then came the quiet, blissful day spent in the Endowment House, and the solemn joy with which she had given her handsome lover the salute which sealed the eternal bond of marriage between them. And this kingly man by her side was her husband! How she honored, how she almost worshiped him!

Ah, little did she know that he had, in his heart pronounced the day's long ceremonies a bore, and how he had previously boasted to his intimates, that he "wasn't such an idiot as Howard to give himself away as he had done, for it didn't much matter to him how they were married, as long as they were married."

Little did she think, sweet innocent, that time would prove her darling idol coarsest clay!

No hint of this, however, marred the

joy of her perfect day, and they returned to N— where her parents, with Rintha as chief assistant, had prepared a fine wedding feast, and everything went "merry as a marriage bell."

Brother Stuart's house was much too small to accommodate the wedding guests, so it had been arranged to have the tables set in the school-house, which did duty as theatre and dancing hall as well as a temple of learning and afterward to clear them away and dance.

Rintha had been Sister Stuart's aide—de—camp with half a dozen other girls as waiters, but Sister Stewart had at last commanded her to sit down and do the "bossing," which she gladly consented to do.

Douglas had installed himself "chief cook and bottle washer," as he styled it, rendering impartial assistance to all, but Jamie had had hands and feet and eyes for no one but Rintha.

After the supper was cleared away he claimed her for a dance.

"Oh, I am so tired, Jamie, I think you will have to let me rest awhile first."

"Why didn't you let me help you more then?"

"Say, young man, who put the pickles on the meat platter and the cheese into the sugar bowl?"

"And who looked so sweet I couldn't see sugar for looking at her?"

"Oh, come, silly, you're talking to your grandmother. If you'll look close you'll see the crows feet around her eyes. Jamie, how old are you?"

"Well, I'm twenty."

"And do you know how old I am?"

"Why you're twenty, too," triumphantly.

"That's just it, Jamie, twenty-two! and a boy has no business making silly speeches to an old lady two whole years older than himself."

"Rintha, don't tease me. If you knew how——"

"Jamie don't you dare say another word."

"Will you be angry with me if I do?"

"Yes."

"What a perverse little torment you are. Let's see, though, I believe that was the fate of your brother-in-law for saying too much."

"Who told you?"

"He did."

"He did? The miserable old simpleton!" and her eyes blazed.

"Oh, don't be too hard on the poor old fellow. You oughtn't to make it a penal offense to love you."

"But he is such an old——"

"And I am such a young—but really, I can't find it in my heart to regret that I am not so fortified nor fiftyfied as he," and he stroked the down on his upper lip complacently. "Say, Rintha, about what age do you like the fellows best?"

"In long clothes," she promptly replied,

"Then how about grandmother getting married and raising babies of her own?"

"Jamie——" sternly, but he paid no attention, and went on:

"Now, there's father! How would he do? and I heard him say that he thought Rintha Rivers was the sw——"

"Jamie! and Rintha was really getting angry now, but he coolly interrupted her with:

"I really don't believe you like the Stuart family."

She blushed and shot him a suspicious glance but he went on innocently:

"Let's have that dance now. You look as fresh as a daisy." She had a notion to refuse him but thought better of it.

"Will you behave yourself, after this so I won't be tempted to box your ears?"

"Well, I'll try," doubtfully, and they whirled away together.

When they had finished he led her back and seated her beside Douglas, bowed, and walked away.

"Now what did that officious boy mean by that," she thought angrily, and she looked after Jamie and then at Douglas, with a face like a thundercloud.

Douglas could not altogether conceal his surprise at her expression, but volunteered a polite remark about how she was enjoying herself.

She made some sort of an indifferent reply, wondering if he had overheard Jamie's nonsense about her not liking the Stuart family, and then with an inward conviction that she was acting oddly, she tried to recover her usual manner and blunderingly asked Douglas if he "was not dancing this evening?"

"Not unless you will favor me, Rintha," he replied, arising and offering her his arm.

Her face flushed crimson, and she made a hurried gesture of dissent. "No, no! Douglas, I think your mother wants me," and with this awkward excuse she hurried away.

He sauntered along unconcernedly and passed out into the entry, but he was secretly wondering what made Rintha dislike him so; while she had crossed the floor to where Sister Stuart was sitting and begged her to excuse her for she was very tired and thought she would go home.

"Why, child, I believe you are sick. You are as white as a ghost." And indeed, she did feel sick—heartily sick of herself and her foolishness. "Now I have made Douglas despise me, indeed! Oh, what possessed me to act like that."

She still had presence of mind enough to make her polite adieus to the bride and groom, and then sought out the pile of wraps hastily turning them over in her trembling hands in search of her own.

Jamie had been watching her and felt that he had made a serious blunder and wondered what it was.

"Can it be because I seated her beside Douglas? I really believe she does hate him, and me too, for that matter. I intend to find out and in the mean time I'm not going to let her go home alone," and walking up to her, he searched out a warm shawl and placed it over her shoulders.

"Shall I see you safely home, Rintha?"

"Oh, no, never mind, Jamie. I shall do very well."

"I think you'd better let me go. You have worked too hard and are trembling like a leaf. Mother would never forgive me if I let you go off like that, after all you have done."

"All right I guess it would be safer for me to have a big, brawny Scotchman along to keep the bears away, and I do feel a little shakey."

"Well, come on, little grandmother,"

"You promised not to tease."

"And I wont."

They walked along in silence until they came to her door.

"Are you angry with me, Rintha?"

"No, indeed, Jamie, I am very much obliged to you."

"And we are to be as good friends as ever?"

"As good friends as ever," she replied, "if you wont tease."

"Well, I wont tease. Goodnight, little sister."

She quickly drew her hand from his arm and faced him.

"Now Jamie Stuart, what do you mean by that? I declare I don't know how to take you."

"I shouldn't think you did," ruefully, "but you might take me for a brother if nothing more."

"Oh, Jamie, go along with you".

"Well, I said good night. Arn't you going to kiss your brother good night?"

"No indeed, you big ugly boy!" and she whisked into the house and shut the door.

"Hum, cool, but that is the usual manner with sisters I believe," and he laughed slyly to himself.

As Rintha warmed her fingers by the dying fire she was thinking: "He is good at getting people into a good humor anyway. Oh, why couldn't I have liked him? He is a good boy, and nobody's fool either. Indeed, I am half afraid he is too smart. I am just a little bit afraid of him and his sly speeches. His sister, indeed! I don't suppose Douglas will ever speak to me again, after my inexcusable treatment of him tonight, or worse, he will perhaps be just the same polite indifferent gentlemanly gentleman, and I think I would almost rather have him hate me than for him not to think of me at all," with which comforting reflection, she picked up the lamp and walked off to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN considering faults and follies, whether of our own or of our neighbors, it is always wise to trace them back as far as possible. If they are our own, we may thus discover the best method of overcoming them; if they are those of others, it will invariably increase our charity and prevent unjust blame.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THOSE WHO ARE IN DANGER.

FROM a young man who is somewhat prominent and an office holder in the State I was much gratified at receiving a letter upon the subject of my article in the "Topics of the Times" which appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR on the 1st of February, 1897. He writes to me that he was so forcibly impressed with the article that he thought some facts from the portion of the State in which he resides might possess some interest for me.

He says that "when the controversy first arose between — and the Church, the arguments of the former, from the standpoint of the politician and from the 'spirit of man,' seemed so plausible that many who now see differently were immediately carried away by the arguments of — and his supporters. I myself came nearly endorsing articles which appeared in his favor written by the editor of a certain daily paper; but now I can see that had I done so I would have made one more—and they are now too many—of the mistakes of my life. I have taken special pains to watch the dividing line in this controversy, and my observation leads me, almost without exception, at least in this county, to fully endorse your conclusions that those whose past lives have been such as to receive the approval of their Creator are now unmoved in the present crisis; but others whose lives have been one round of pleasure and selfishness now find themselves fighting against the Priesthood."

There happened to be a sociable held in the town where he resides, and the topic that was uppermost in the people's minds was fully discussed, and each one present stated where he or she

stood upon the question which has agitated the public. The young friend who writes to me, says he told his wife that he believed he could tell on which side each person at that sociable stood, though he had not previously been informed; and he afterwards found that he had not made a single error in his predictions. Knowing the persons who were present very intimately, he was able, from his knowledge of their course in life, to tell where each one stood on the question that had been discussed.

I feel entirely satisfied that this can be done in every one of our communities by those who are familiar with the spirit and conduct of the people.

The time will come, however, when those who feel strongly upon this subject and so opposed to what they call "Church influence," will be undeceived and see that they have gone off in a wrong direction and committed a blunder in placing their confidence where they have done.

But this is the fear that I have: that while they may get enlightened as to the unwisdom of their course, and the wretched basis they have had for their hopes and anticipations, before they fully see how they have been misled and deceived in this matter, they may lose their faith; and then they would not be in a position to profit by the experience which time will give to them. When men yield to a wrong influence, they may go so far as to grieve the Spirit of the Lord to such an extent that it will withdraw itself from them, and they then become a prey to the spirit of darkness, and unless there is speedy and thorough repentance, that spirit obtains possession, and they are found treading a path that leads away from the truth and from the work of the Lord.

I recall a conversation which I had some years ago with an Elder who had labored in the ministry with me, and for whom I had strong affection. He had become imbued with a spirit which, nearly thirty years ago, led to the apostasy that was called "the new departure." I reasoned with him for some time on the incorrectness of his position and the danger he was in. In reply he said to me:

"Cannot I go with these friends of mine (referring to the leading men of the new movement), and when I find that they are going astray, as you seem to think they are, can I not then turn back and dissolve all connection with them?"

My reply was:

"You deceive yourself. You think you can do that now, but you will find that when that time comes, if ever, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, for you to do so."

I illustrated this by saying:

"Suppose we were going to a certain distant point, and there was a road that went straight to that point, and you should undertake to diverge a little from the track in a certain direction. The divergence at first might be but very little; but every step that you would take would lead you farther and farther away from the track that you ought to travel. So it is in pursuing the path of salvation. No one can deviate from it without incurring great risks; they will get into what is called "by and forbidden paths," and the farther they go the more widely astray they become. So it will be with you. If you ever come back into the path, you will have to retrace your steps and travel back on the road you have gone until you come to the true path."

Any departure from the straight and

narrow path leads those who take it away from the truth. They subject themselves to a wrong influence; darkness takes possession of them, and the light of the Holy Spirit is withdrawn. It is for this reason that the Elders of our Church, in teaching the people, are continually prompted to warn them against giving way to delusive spirits and influences.

The Editor.

A WONDERFUL BOAT.

A TORPEDO boat is a wonderful piece of mechanism. It can be propelled on the surface of the water or travel like a monster fish in the depths of the ocean. To go beneath the surface, the boat of course has to be closed in water-tight. To supply the occupants of the boat with air to breathe a reservoir of compressed air is provided. Here is a description of a new submarine torpedo boat:

The new Holland submarine torpedo boat, an American invention, is said to resemble nothing so much as a huge whale, and differs from that marine monster merely in the fact that it will not be necessary for her to rise to the surface in order to "blow," for by an ingenious device she will be able to take in all the air she needs when she is in the depths of the sea. She carries a supply of air sufficient for about six hours, and when it becomes necessary to renew it all that need be done is to unwind a length of hose attached to a float, which will rise to the surface and enable air to be pumped into the tanks by a special apparatus which has been devised for the purpose. The length of the boat is 80 feet, and her greatest diameter is 11 feet. On the surface of the water she has a displacement of 118 tons

which is increased by 138 tons when she is submerged. Even when floating, but little of the body beyond the funnel and the low turret will be visible. The turret is covered with armor of harveyised nickel steel 8 inches thick, and so rounded as to offer the best chance of a shot glancing off should it be struck. On the surface this torpedo boat is propelled by twin screws, which are driven by triple engines. As soon as the boat sinks, however, an instantaneous movement couples the propeller shaft with electric motor engines, which can keep her going for sixteen hours. This sinking capacity is protected by an automatic contrivance, which will prevent the boat going below a safe limit, which has been calculated to be about 66 feet. The funnel and air tubes are able to be withdrawn into the inside of the boat in ten or twelve seconds, and the opening for them is at once hermetically closed. Then water is taken into certain compartments provided for the purpose, and by inclining the huge horizontal fins to a certain angle the boat dives into the depths to whatever level may be desired. At the same time the fires are banked and the electricity which has been generated by the engines which propel the vessel, and is stored in huge batteries, is turned on by simply touching a button on a switchboard. By the ingenious introduction of a contrivance resembling a camera obscura, it is possible for those on board to see objects on the surface of the water for a great distance. The torpedo boat carries two torpedo tubes and five torpedoes driven by compressed air. As soon as the boat fires a torpedo she can sink to a safe depth, and at the same time, by reversing her position, go away, if necessary, from the neighborhood so as to be well outside the possibility of danger.

TAHITI AND THE SOCIETY ISLAND MISSION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128.)

DURING the absence of President Pratt to Salt Lake, Elder Grouard was busily engaged at Tubuai in building a schooner for the use of the mission. He with some of the other elders had been arrested, tried and acquitted several times by the French officials for preaching the Gospel, and, as they said, creating a sort of Church government among the people that was contrary to the laws of the land.

This was the condition of affairs when Brothers Pratt and Brown arrived there in the early part of 1850. They had been refused permits to preach, and when in November of the same year, the following named elders came in by way of Tubuai, Simon A. Dunn, Julian Moses, Jos. Busby, A. Hanks and Brothers Tompkins and Crosby with their families and that of Elder Pratt's, the Governor of the colony became alarmed and issued an order that they should appear before him with a statement of their intentions that he might know what they intended doing. The answer of the elders was couched in the following language: "We came to preach the everlasting Gospel which brings life and salvation to the children of men. 'For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek.' (*Rom. 1-16.*)

"We teach the people by precept and example the habits of virtue and industry which are so desirable to the happiness and prosperity of civilized life, to observe and keep the laws of every land wherein we dwell, so far as required of preachers of the Gospel in Christianized countries, and to teach

and admonish the people to observe and keep the laws of their land."

Huaau, Tahiti, Nov. 8th, 1850.

Signed,

ADDISON PRATT,

SIMON A. DUNN,

JAS. BROWN.

This was presented to his excellency, who, after reading rejected it and presented them with the following document.

"On my arrival at Tahiti two or three persons styled Mormon Missionaries were residing either at Tubuai or at the Tuamotus. As they were already there, I thought it proper to allow them to continue, considering the small number of persons forming a part of the mission, upon condition, however, that they adhered strictly to the laws which govern the land of the Protectorate, not interfering in any way with the political or civil matters, but solely religious, with which I have no intention whatever to interfere. Now that a large number of individuals attached to the Mormon Mission request permission to reside at the Society Island, tending to create a sort of church government embracing all the lands of the Protectorate of France, to create, as it might be said, a new existence to the population of the islands, it is now my duty to interfere. I request then to be informed:

1st. "As to what are the means of the Mormons for their living.

2nd. "From whom the Society of Mormon Missionaries derive the power of forming themselves into a body.

3rd. "What are the forms of government and discipline which govern the society.

4th. "What guarantee of morality and good conduct do they require from members appointed as missionaries.

5th. "What duty do they require either from foreigners or native members, not including religious dogmas, with which I will not interfere.

6th. "What number of religious services are held weekly or monthly.

7th. "Finally, what morals do the Mormons preach.

"These questions must be satisfactorily answered. This is my duty to them as well as to all other foreigners permitted to reside in the islands of the Protectorate, having a right to French protection, by conforming themselves to the laws of the country, as missionaries, with an open pulpit, which might consequently give them great influence over the population and create as it might be said a new power, and it is my duty to impose conditions.

"Therefore the Mormon Missionaries shall bind themselves to preaching their religion without interfering in any way or under any pretence with politics or civil matters. They shall withhold from speaking from the pulpit against the religion established in the islands of the Protectorate and the laws and acts emanating from the authorities. They shall not exact from the inhabitants of the Protectorate any tax, either in money, labor, provisions or material. They shall not inflict penalties upon any one in money, labor or provisions for failing to comply with the rules of the religion they preach.

"They cannot acquire lands in the name of the society without the approbation of the Protectorate government. No person can be allowed to unite himself with them as a Mormon Missionary in the Society Island before having signed that he adheres to the present declaration, and whatever proof there might be of an infringement of these

articles would occasion his exclusion from the islands of the Protectorate.

"The persons calling themselves Mormon Missionaries and who sent a delegation to me whom I could not recognize, are hereby officially informed that before I can authorize them to constitute themselves as a society, they must reply categorically to the questions which I

they will be prosecuted according to law."

To these question and instructions the elders replied that they were sent by the authorities of God to preach the Gospel and the people who accepted their teachings would furnish their necessities. They did not come there to form the people into a compact body,



BUSINESS STREET IN PAPEETE.

have put to them; that until then their residence is illegal, and I refuse, as it is my duty to do, all authorization to the Mormon Missionaries to take up their residence. Moreover, it is my duty to inform them that when they are constituted as a society, no meetings, except on days regularly known as days of prayer and preaching, can be held without the permission of the authorities, or

and the principles they taught were spiritual, not interfering at all with the political or civil rights of the natives. They were the same as taught by Jesus and His Apostles, and by obeying them the people would be virtuous, and would obey the laws of God and those of the land as well.

The elders remained there on the islands studying the language, preach-

ing the Gospel and trying to enlighten a people who were sitting in darkness; but it was not for a very great period that they were thus privileged without also having persecution heaped upon them. The French at first somewhat acquiesced to the desires of the elders to remain and preach, but it is a well known fact to all elders who have ever labored there, both in the opening and re-opening of the mission, that the French on Tahiti never have had any great love for American missionaries, especially those belonging to the church that is commonly called Mormon.

Not long after giving their reply to the Governor's questions, Elder Brown took a trip around the island Tahiti, where they were visiting the villages, and preaching where opportunity offered. Arriving at Papara, one of the villages, he preached to the people and baptized a young lady who had been doctored by the Protestant Missionaries for four months, and who at the time had to be helped in to the water for the ordinance to be performed. Upon coming forth again from being baptized she declared that she was healed of the Lord and refused help in walking home. This incident created jealousies in the hearts of the missionaries who had been doctoring her, so they had Brother Brown arrested and brought before them. They exercised some power in the island, and he was given the choice of leaving by 8 o'clock in the morning or being locked in a dungeon. He did not think he could do any good by being cast into prison, so he returned to Papeete, the principal village, and subsequently went to the Tuamotus, about which we will speak further in our next issue.

The picture we present is one of Papeete's business streets situated about half a block from the wharf or land-

ing. It is also one of the streets where the Utah Elder first treads on his arrival at the Society Islands, and as he does so he glances curiously in at the stores and shops with their colored dress goods, straw hats, etc. The flag of three stripes of red, white, and blue, that is seen floating from the front of a store, also tells him that he is indeed in a strange land and among a strange people. The sights seem at first to occupy the elders thoughts, but it does not take long to see everything of any interest and then if his thoughts of home and loved ones do revert back in his mind to such a degree that he gets homesick, he will find little in Tahiti that will give him comfort. Only those who have passed through it know what it is to wander back home in the dreams of night, and be in the company of those who are dear and then to awake in the morning to find one's self stretched out upon a hard floor with perhaps a pair of blankets under him and instead of the voice of mother, wife or sister calling him to breakfast he hears people jangling in a tongue that is entirely foreign to him. Truly he then realizes that he is far from home, and that if he intends to fulfill his mission he must be up and have his mind busily occupied in order to get rid of that lonesome feeling.

Eugene M. Cannon.

THE noblest employment of the mind is in the study of nature and truth.

WHEN your acts are hostile to the broad interests of your fellow-men they are seeds that will one day come up weeds, to choke your own harvest field.

THE greatest happiness is to be able to make others happy.

Our Little Folks.

TONY.

THEY were all going to a picnic, Tony's mother, Tony's little sister Kitty, Tony's cousin Polly and Tony. They were to walk about half a mile to the station, and then take the cars to the picnic grounds.

As they were walking they came to a long mud-puddle which covered the sidewalk. Tony's mother called him to turn out with her into the road.

"No," said Tony, "I want to go along on the fence."

"You had better not," said his mother. But Tony thought he knew best. So he stepped on the lowest rail and walked sideways, holding on with both hands.

"I told you I could. Don't you see?"

Mamma did see.

There was a splash and she saw a small boy's feet go into the water. The rail had broken down with him.

"Can't I go to the picnic?" whimpered Tony, putting his hands to his eyes.

"Perhaps so," said his mother. "You must run home and put on clean stockings and your old shoes. The stockings are on the clothes-bars in the kitchen."

Tony ran with all his might.

Bridget was gone out, but there was a long row of little stockings on the bars. Quick as a flash Tony pulled off his muddy ones and reached for the clean ones.

"They aint mates!" he said, as his eye ran along the row.

"There's a striped one, and a blue one, and a red one, and a brown one, and a black one, and a blue one, and a red one, and a striped one, and a black one, and a brown one—dear me! What's Bridget done with all my stockings that's got mates?"

His tone was very doleful as he tried the row backward.

"There's a brown one and a black one and a striped one and a red one and a—" Tony's voice broke down before he got the end. He would surely lose the picnic.

He put on the striped one and the blue one, and held out his legs to see how they looked.

"Poh! They look just like a circus!"

Tony sat down on the floor and cried. He thought of the lake and the boats and the grape swing and the sandwiches and cake and lemonade, and wished with all his heart he had turned out when mamma told him to.

One, two—struck the kitchen clock, and then Tony knew the train was gone.

"Tony!" cried a cheery voice. Tony looked up and saw Cousin Polly's bright little face.

"Why didn't you come?" asked she.

"Why didn't you go?" asked he.

"Why, there's another train at half-past two, and I waited for you. What's the matter?"

"I can't go, anyway!" said Tony, with a big sob. "I can't find any stockings that's mates—not one! See!"

Polly looked at the striped leg and the blue leg, and laughed.

"You can see for yourself," he said pointing to the row. "There's a red one and a brown one and a black one and—"

"Yes, I see—two striped ones and two blue ones and two red ones, and—here—" Polly snatched a blue one from the bars, and whisked the striped one off Tony's leg. "There now!" she said, as in a moment both legs were blue.

"Polly," said Tony, looking solemnly at her, "I think you're the smartest girl in the world. Don't you?"

"Why, no," said Polly. "You're the

only one who ever thought so, and perhaps you don't know much about smartness. Come quick, now!"—*Youth's Companion*.

LITTLE FOLKS' LETTER.

NOTE.—Address letters for this department to Little Folks' Letter Box, care of Mrs. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR CHILDREN.—There is a lot of snow at our place.

Some of us boys have made a snow-house. It is so large we can go in it. It looks like a cave in a white hill.

Some times we have fun with our sleds and on our skates. One day the strap broke on one boy's skate. The skate fell off and the boy fell down. We all ran to him to see if the fall hurt him. But no, he got up and laughed. Then we all laughed. *Evan.*

FEBRUARY, 1897.

DEAR LETTER BOX.—One of my big brothers is away across the sea. He sent us a Christmas paper. It had some lines in that father said he would like us younger boys to learn. He said he learned them when he was a boy, and they have done him good. Mother thinks they are so good she asked me to write them off for the little Folks' Letter Box. She says all the children can read them and learn them, if they are put in the Letter Box.

These are the lines:

LIGHT.

There are three lessons I would write.
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In letters of Eternal Light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Faith! Though clouds are
'round thee now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn;
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have Hope! Where'er thy boat is
driven,

Becalmed or tossed by tempest's
mirth;

Know this, God rules the hosts of
Heaven,

His children on the earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Faith Hope and Love! And thou
shalt find,

Strength when lifes' surges darkest
roll,

Light, where thou else wast blind."

Mother says these lines were written by a great German poet, who had seen much sorrow. She changed some of the hard words to easy ones. And she has told me what the lines mean, and I like them now. You better all ask your fathers or mothers to tell you about them. *Heber.*

SUNSHINE.

"What have you in your apron?"

I asked of my little girl,

As she was running toward the
garden;

She stopped and threw back a curl.

"I's dot some sunshine mamma;

I's doin' to plant it, you know;

'Taus I fink that it is so pretty;

Do you fink that it will grow?

"I's doin' to plant some here, mamma,

And I's doin' to plant some there;

'Taus its very pretty

I want it every where.

"I'll hoc all the weeds out of it,

And I'll water it every day;

And I'll be so gentle wiv it——

Don't you fink it will grow away?"

O, bright eyed little darling,
 Planting sunshine everywhere!
 May the seeds thou hast scattered
 spring round thee,
 May they be thy daily care.
 And let us, like the baby,
 By gentle words and deeds,
 Plant sunshine, and keep its flowers
 Free from growth, from frost and
 weeds.
 Plant deep, in even furrows,
 Plant some here and plant some
 there;
 Treat carefully and tenderly,
 Scatter sunshine everywhere.

Rhoda Homer. Age 13 years.

HADEN, FREMONT CO., IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER BOX.— Our baby can walk. He could walk last year. He will soon be three years old. His name is Ray. His hair and his eyes are brown.

Last year when the days were warm and dry, the men cleaned out our well. They took the curb away. Baby Ray went out of the house when we did not see him.

Mamma went to look for him. She saw him close by the well. If he took one more step, he might fall down the deep well, and it might kill him. Mamma did not dare to call him, for fear he might start and fall. And she did not dare to run, for fear he would see her and step and fall. So she just walked slowly until she could reach him. Then she took him up quickly, and ran to the house with him. Ray laughed but mamma cried. She kissed baby and then kissed me, and said,

"Oh, my lambs. I thank God that His angels take care of you!"

I am

Millie.

A TRUE STORY.

I do not know much about story writing, as this is my first trial. But I am going to write a short but true story of a man killing a catamount.

It was on a ranch near the Conejos River, that this happened. He was in a thicket of cotton woods getting a load of them for wood.

He had been chopping very fast, so as to get home before night with his load. Along in the afternoon, he stopped to rest a moment and while, standing there he looked at a small open hut, not far from where he was, when coming toward him from the house he saw a large catamount. The infuriated beast flew upon him with much force, tearing great gashes in his flesh with its long claws.

Fortunately for him, he was a very strong man and succeeded after a hard struggle in getting the animal down.

While he was trying to think what to do he saw two Mexicans approaching. Seeing the animal they turned to run, but he called after them to bring him a knife, assuring them there was no danger as he had the animal down. They gave him a knife, but it was so dull it availed him nothing. So he was obliged to choke it to death which he did by pressing very hard on the animal's throat.

He was so tired struggling with the animal, that he didn't finish getting his load, but threw the catamount on the wagon and drove homeward.

When he got home he changed his clothing, washed the blood off his head and went to get the catamount weighed. It was three and one half feet in length and weighed one hundred pounds.

I am well acquainted with this gentleman; he is my mamma's cousin.

I am sure there was a prayer in his

heart when he saw that furious animal coming toward him. He can never be too thankful that he was not killed by the catamount, as he surely would have been if he had been a weak, sickly man.

Think of this story, and think how you would have felt if you were in his place.

Ida Otteson. Aged 13 years.

SANFORD, COLORADO.

A HOMESICK HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE following incident is the substance of a story told by Bayard Taylor to illustrate how tenacious a memory and how strong an affection even the least intelligent of the brute creation may possess. During his visits to the Zoological Gardens in London he noticed a large hippopotamus which lay in its tank apparently oblivious of its surroundings. Entering into conversation with the keeper one morning, he was told that the creature refused to eat, and was gradually starving itself to death. "I fancy he's homesick," added the keeper. "He's a fine specimen, and it seems a pity we should lose him; but he's moped ever since the keeper who had charge of him on board the steamer

left. He pays no attention to anything I say." Learning that the creature came from a part of Africa he had once visited, Mr. Taylor, on an impulse, leaned forward and addressed it in the dialect used by the hunters and keepers of that region. The animal lifted its head, and the small eyes opened. Mr. Taylor repeated his remark, when what does Mr. Hippo do but paddle slowly over to where he stood. Crossing to the other side of the tank, the experiment was repeated with the same results, the poor thing showed unmistakable signs of joy, even consenting to receive food from the hand of his new friend. Mr. Taylor paid several visits to the gardens, being always noticed by his African friend. Finally, before leaving the city he taught the keeper a few sentences he had been in the habit of addressing to the hippopotamus and went his way. Two years later he was in London, and curious to know the result, again paid his respects to his amphibious friend. To his surprise, the creature recognized his voice at once, and expressed his joy by paddling from side to side of his tank after his visitor. Bayard Taylor says it convinced him that even a hippopotamus may have tenacious affections.

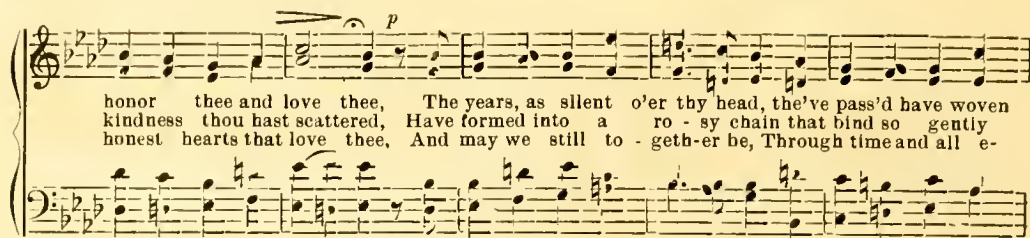
GREETING,

To President Wilford Woodruff on his Ninetieth Birthday.

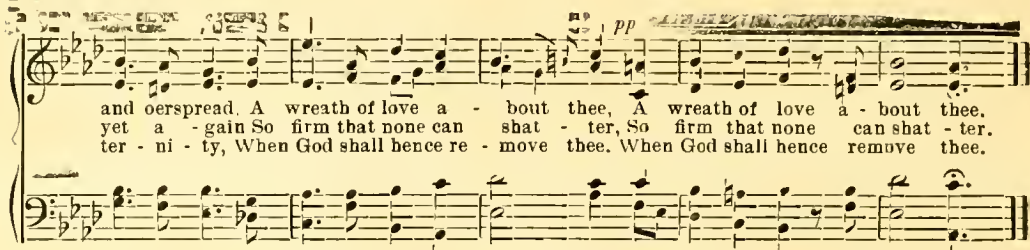
Words and Music by EVAN STEPHENS.

ff *a tempo*

1. Hall Pro - phet, Brother, Friend, Beloved and chosen one of God. We
 2. The bloom of gen - tle words and deeds, Sprung round thy pathway from the seeds of
 3. Long may we have thy presence here, To guide, to counsel and to cheer The



honor thee and love thee, The years, as silent o'er thy head, the've pass'd have woven
kindness thou hast scattered, Have formed into a ro - sy chain that bind so gently
honest hearts that love thee, And may we still to - geth-er be, Through time and all e -



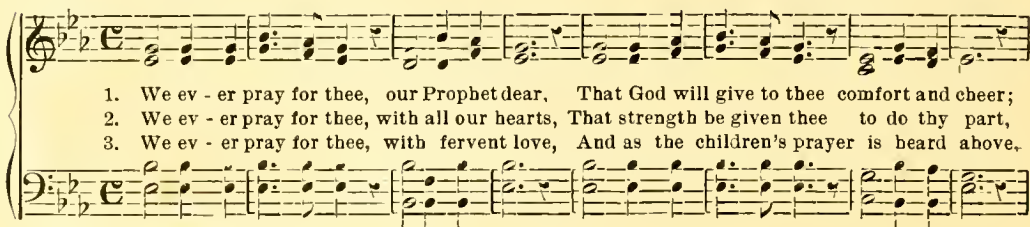
and oerspread, A wreath of love a - bout thee, A wreath of love a - bout thee,
yet a - gain So firm that none can shat - ter, So firm that none can shat - ter.
ter - ni - ty, When God shall hence re - move thee. When God shall hence remove thee.

WE EVER PRAY FOR THEE.

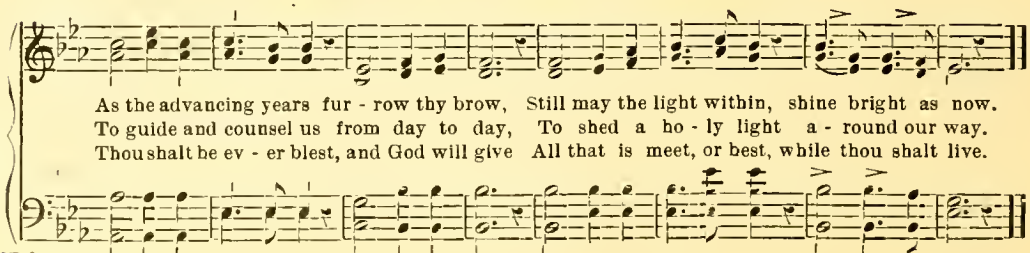
Sung in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on the Occasion of President Wilford
Woodruff's Ninetieth Birthday.

Words by E. STEPHENS.

Arranged by E. K. BASSETT.



1. We ev - er pray for thee, our Prophet dear, That God will give to thee comfort and cheer;
2. We ev - er pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be given thee to do thy part,
3. We ev - er pray for thee, with fervent love, And as the children's prayer is heard above.



As the advancing years fur - row thy brow, Still may the light within, shine bright as now.
To guide and counsel us from day to day, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our way.
Thoushalt be ev - er blest, and God will give All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt live.

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Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair.

•DR•

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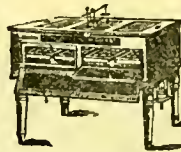
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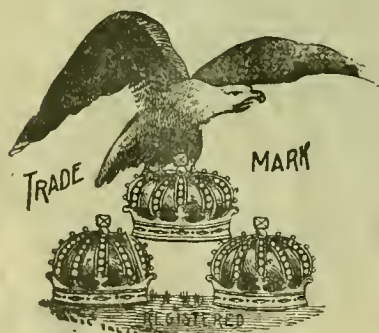
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